



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

A Christmas Memory

James Whitcomb Riley

Pa he bringed me here to stay
□□'Til my Ma she's well.--An' nen
He's go' hitch up, Chris'mus-day,
□□An' come take me back again
Wher' my Ma's at! Won't I be
Tickled when he comes fer me!

My Ma an' my A'nty they
□□'Uz each-uvver's sisters. Pa--
A'nty telled me, th' other day,--
□□He comed here an' married Ma....
A'nty said nen, "Go run play,
□□I must work now!" ... An' I saw,
When she turn' her face away,
□□She 'uz cryin'.--An' nen I
□□'Tend-like I "run play"--an' cry.

This-here house o' A'nty's wher'
They 'uz borned--my Ma an' her!--
An' her Ma 'uz my Ma's Ma,
An' her Pa 'uz my Ma's Pa--

Ain't that funny?--An' they're dead:
An' this-here's "th' ole Homestead."--
An' my A'nty said, an' cried,
It's mine, too, ef my Ma died--
Don't know what she mean--'cause my
Ma she's nuvver go' to die!

When Pa bringed me here 't 'uz night--
□□'Way dark night! An' A'nty spread
Me a piece--an' light the light
□□An' say I must go to bed.--
□□I cry not to---but Pa said,
"Be good boy now, like you telled
□□Mommy 'at you're go' to be!"
□□An', when he 'uz kissin' me

My good night, his cheeks' all wet
An' taste salty.--An' he held
Wite close to me an' rocked some
An' langhed-like--'til A'nty come
Git me while he's rockin' yet.

A'nty he'p me, 'til I be
Purt'-nigh strip-pud--nen hug me
In bofe arms an' lif' me 'way
Up in her high bed--an' pray
Wiv me,--'bout my Ma--an' Pa--
An' ole Santy Claus--an' Sleigh--
An' Reindeers an' little Drum--
Yes, an' Picture-books, "Tom Thumb,"
An' "Three Bears," an' ole "Fee-Faw"--



Yes, an' "Tweedle-Dee" an' "Dum,"
An' "White Knight" an' "Squidjicum,"
An' most things you ever saw!--
An' when A'nty kissed me, she
'Uz all cryin' over me!

Don't want Santy Claus--ner things
Any kind he ever brings!--
Don't want A'nty!--Don't want Pa!--
I ist only want my Ma!

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